

*The Historie of*

*Prince* Well, here is my leg.

*Falst.* And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

*Falst.* Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

*Falst.* For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene,  
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Hot.* O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as  
euer I see.

*Falst.* Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I do not only maruell, where thou spendest thy times  
but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomit  
the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: yet youth, the more  
it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue partly  
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villainous  
tricke of thine eie, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that  
doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to mee, heere lieth the  
point: why, being sonne to me, arte thou so pointed at? Shall the  
blessed sonne of heauen prouue a micher, and eate blacke-ber-  
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue  
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,  
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many  
in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as antient writers  
doe repoite) dooth defile: so dooth the company thou keepest:  
for *Harry*, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not  
in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes also:  
and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy  
company, but I know not his name.

*Prince* What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

*Falst.* A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-  
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,  
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to three score, and now I  
remember me, his name is *Falstaf*: if that man should be lewd-  
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his lookes: if  
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,  
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaf*,  
him keepe with, the rest banish: and tel me now, thou naughtie  
varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

*Prince*

*Henrie the fourth.*

*Prince* Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for mee,  
and ile play my father.

*Falst.* Depose me; if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiesti-  
cally both in worde and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a  
rabbet sucker, or a Poulsters Hare.

*Prince* Well, heere I am set.

*Falst.* And here I stand, iudge, my masters.

*Prince* Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Falst.* My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

*Prince* The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

*Falst.* Zblood my Lord, they are false: nay, ile tickle yee for a  
young Prince Ifaith.

*Prince* Swearest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke  
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a di-  
uell haunts thee, in the likenesse of an old fat man, a tun of man  
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that truncke of  
humours, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell  
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloake-bag of  
guts, that roasted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his bel-  
ly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that  
vanitie in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to taste sacke & drinke  
it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? where-  
in cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein  
villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Falst.* I would your grace would take mee with you, whom  
meanes your grace?

*Prince* That villanous abhominable misleader of youth: *Fal-  
staf*, that old white bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know.

*Prince* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,  
were to say more then I know: that hee is olde, the more the pit-  
tie, his white haire doe witness it: but that he is, sauing your re-  
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and sugar be  
a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sinne,  
thē many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be  
hated, thē Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord,  
banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poines*, but for sweet sacke

*F*

*Falstaf*